PETRARCHS SEVEN PENITENTIALL PSALMS,

PARAPHRASTICALLY TRANSLATED:

With other

Philosophicall Poems, and a Hymne to Christ vpon the Crosse.

Written by GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Arri. Epict.

Progressus sum in medium, & pacem
Omnibus hominibus proclamo.

At mihi quod viuo detraxerit inuida turba,
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet honos.

LONDON,
Imprinted for MATTHEVV SELMAN, dwelling in Fleete-streete neare Chancerie lane.
1612.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO THE RIGHT WORTHILY HONORD, graue, and ingenuous Fauorer of all vertue, Sir *Edw. Phillips* Knight, Maister of the Rolles, &c.

SIR, though the name of a Poeme beares too light and vaine a Character in his forhead, either to answer my most affectionate desire to do you honour, or deserue your acceptance; yet

ſince the ſubiect & matter is graue and ſacred enough, (how rudely ſoeuer I haue endeuored to giue it grace and elocution,) I preſumed to preferre to your emptieſt leiſure of reading, this poore Dedication. In the ſubſtance and ſoule of whoſe humane and diuine obiect, the moſt wiſe and religious that euer writ to theſe purpoſes, I haue (for ſo much as this little containes) imitated, and celebrated. Good life, and the true feeling of our humane

birth

birth and Being, being the end of it all: and (as I doubt not your iudiciall and noble apprehenſion will confeſſe) the chiefe end of whatſoeuer elſe, in all authoritie and principalitie. Notwithſtanding (either for the ſlenderneſſe of the volume, or harſhneſſe of the matter) I haue not dared to ſubmit it (as the reſt of my weake labors) to my moſt gracious and ſacred Patron, the Prince; reſeruing my thrice humble dutie to his Highneſſe,

for

THE EPISTLE.

for ſome much greater labours, to which it hath pleaſed him to command me. And thus moſt truly thankfull for all your right free and honorable fauours, I humbly and euer reſt

The moſt vnfained and conſtant obſeruer of you and yours,

Geo. Chapman.

PETRARCHS SEVEN PENITENTIALL PSALMES.

PSALME I.

Heu mihi Misero.

1.

Me wretch, I haue enrag'd
My Redeemer; and engag'd (wing:
My life, on deaths slow focte prelu-
I haue broke his blessed lawes,
Turning with accursed cause,
Sauing loue to wrath consuming.

2.

Truths straite way, my will forsooke,
And to wretched bywaies tooke,
Brode, rough, steepe, and full of danger:
Euery way, I labour found,
Anguish, and delights vnsound,
To my iourneyes end a stranger.

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3.

Rockes paſt fowles wings, tooke my flights,
All my dayes ſpent; all my nights;
Toyles and ſtreights though ſtill repelling.
One or other beaſt I met,
Shunning that for which I ſwet;
Wild beaſts dens were yet my dwelling.

4.

Pleaſure, that all paine ſubornes
Making beds of eaſe, on thornes,
Made me found with ruine ſleeping.
Reſt, in Torments armes I ſought,
All good talkt, but all ill thought,
Laught, at what deſeru'd my weeping.

5.

What is now then left to do?
What courſe can I turne me to?
Danger, ſuch vncap'd toyles pitching.
All my youths faire gloſſe is gone,
Like a ſhipwracke each way blowne,
Yet his pleaſures ſtill bewitching.

6.

I delay my Hauen to make;

Nor

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Nor yet safeties true way take;
On her left hand euer erring:
I a little see my course,
Which in me, the warre makes worse,
Th'vse of that small sight deferring.

7.

Oft I haue attempted flight,
Th'old yoke casting, but his weight
Thou Nature to my bones implicst.
O that once my necke were easde,
Straight it were; were thy powre pleasd,
O, of all things high, thou highest.

8.

O could I my sinne so hate,
I might loue thee yet, though late;
But my hope of that is sterued;
Since mine owne hands make my chaines:
Iust, most iust, I grant my paines;
Labour wrings me most deserued.

9.

Mad wretch, how deare haue I bought
Fetters with mine owne hands wrought?

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Freely in deaths ambuſh falling.
I made; and the foe diſpoſde
Nets that neuer will be loſde.
More I ſtriue, the more enthralling:

10.

I look't by, and went ſecure
In paths ſlipperie, and impure;
In my ſelfe, my ſinne ſtill flattering.
I thought youths flowre ſtill would thriue,
Follow'd as his ſtorme did driue,
With it, all his hemlockes watering:

11.

Said; what thinke I of th'extreames
Ere the Meane hath ſpent his beames?
Each Age hath his proper obiect.
God ſees this, and laughs to ſee.
Pardon ſoone is got: My knee
When I will repent, is ſubiect.

12.

Cuſtome then his ſlaue doth claime,
Layes on hands, that touch and maime;

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Neuer cour'd, repented neuer:
Flight is then, as vaine, as late;
Faith too weake, to caſt out Fate,
Refuge paſt my reach is euer.

13.

I ſhall periſh then in ſinne,
If thy aide Lord, makes not in,
Mending what doth thus depraue me;
Minde thy word then, Lord, and lend
Thy worke thy hand, crowne my end.
From the iawes of Sathan ſaue me.

All glorie to the Father be,
And to the Sonne as great as he:
With the coequall ſacred Spirit;
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and ſhall be euermore.
Glorie, all glorie to their merit.

Petrarchs ſeuen

PSALME II.

Inuocabo quem offendi.

1.

I Will inuoke whom I inflam'd; (feare;
Nor will approch, his fierie throne in
I will recall, nor be aſham'd (eare.
Whom I caſt off, and pierce againe his
Hope, quite euen loſt, I will reſtore,
And dare againe to looke on heauen;
The more I fall, inuoke the more;
Prayre once will ſpeed, where eare is euer giuen.

2.

In heauen my deare Redeemer dwels,
His eare yet let downe to our loweſt ſounds;
His hand can reach the deepeſt hels;
His hand holds balmes for all our oldeſt wounds.
I, in my ſelfe, do often die;
But in him, I as oft reuiue;
My health ſhines euer in his eye;
That heales in hell, and keepes euen death aliue.

Feare

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3.

Feare all, that would put feare on me;
My ſinne moſt great is, but much more his grace:
Though ill for worſe ſtill alterd be:
And I in me, my eagreſt foe embrace:
Yet Truth in this hath euer ſtood,
The blackeſt ſpots my ſinnes let fall,
One drop of his moſt precious blood;
Can cleanſe and turne, to pureſt luorie all.

4.

Strike, Lord, and breake the rockes that grow
In theſe red ſeas of thy offence in me:
And cleanſing fountaines thence ſhall flow,
Though of the hardeſt Adamant they be.
As cleare as ſiluer, ſeas ſhall rore,
Deſcending to that noyſome ſinke,
Where euery houre hels horride Bore
Lies plung'd, and drownd, & doth his vomits drinke.

5.

Race, Lord, my ſinnes inueterate skarres,
And take thy new-built Manſion vp in me:
Though powre failes, ſee my wils ſharpe warres,
And let me pleaſe euen while I anger thee.
Let the remembrance of my ſinne,

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With ſighs all night aſcend thine eare:
And when the morning light breakes in,
Let health be ſeene, and all my skies be cleare.

6.

Thus though I temper ioyes with cares,
Yet keepe thy mercies conſtant, as my crimes:
Ile cheriſh, with my faith, my prayres,
And looke ſtill ſighing vp for better times.
My ſelfe, I euermore will feare,
But thee, my reſt, my hope, ſtill keepe:
Thy darkeſt clouds, thy lightnings cleare,
Thy thunders rocke me, that breake others ſleepe.

7.

My purgatorie O Lord make
My bridall chamber, wedded to thy will:
And let my couch ſtill witneſſe take,
In teares ſtill ſteep't, that I adore thee ſtill.
My body Ile make pay thee paines,
Hell iawes ſhall neuer need to ope.
Though all loues faile, thine euer raignes,
Thou art my refuge, laſt, and onely hope.

All glorie to the Father, &c.

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PSALME III.

Miserere Domine.

1.

STay now, O Lord, my bleeding woes,
The veine growes low and drie;
O now enough, and too much flowes,
My sinne is swolne too hie.

2.

What rests for the abhorr'd euent?
Time wasts, but not my woe:
Woes me, poore man, my life is spent
In asking what to do.

3.

Pale Death stands fixt before mine eyes,
My graue gaspes, and my knell
Rings out in my cold eares the cryes
and gnashed teerh of hell.

4.

How long shall this day mocke my hope,
With what the next will be?

When

Petrarchs ſeuen

When ſhall I once begin to ope,
My lockt vp way to thee?

5.

Eaſe Lord, my ſtill-increaſing ſmart,
Salue not, but cure my wounds:
Direct the counſels of my heart,
And giue my labours bounds.

6.

As in me, thou haſt skill infuſd,
So will, and action breath:
Leſt chidden for thy gifts abuſd,
I weepe and pine to death.

7.

See, bound beneath the foe I lie,
Rapt to his blaſted ſhore:
O claime thy right, nor let me die,
Let him inſult no more.

8.

Tell all the ranſome I muſt giue,
Out of my hourely paines:
See how from all the world I liue,
To giue griefe all the raines.

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9.

What is behind, in this life aske,
And in these members sums:
Before the neuer ending taske,
And bedrid beggerie comes.

10.

Shew me thy way, ere thy chiefe light
Downe to the Ocean diues:
O now tis euening, and the night,
Is chiefly friend to theeues.

11.

Compell me, if thy Call shall faile,
To make thy straight way, mine:
In any skorn'd state let me wayle,
So my poore soule be thine.

All glorie to the Father be,
And to the Sonne as great as he,
With the coequall sacred Spirit:
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be euermore.
Glorie, all glorie to their merit.

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PSALME IIII.

Recordari libet.

1.

ONce let me ſerue, Lord, my deſire,
Thy gifts to me recounting, and their priſe,
That ſhame may ſet my cheekes on fire,
And iuſt confuſion teare in teares mine eyes.
Since quite forgetting what I am,
Adorn'd ſo Godlike with thy grace,
I yet neglect to praiſe thy name,
And make thy image in me, poore and baſe.

2.

Thou haſt created, euen for me,
The ſtarres, all heauen, and all the turns of time;
For of what vſe are theſe to thee,
Though euery one diſtinguiſht by his clime?
Thou Sunne and Moone, thou Nights and Dayes,
Thou Light and Darkneſſe haſt diſpoſd:
Wrapt earth in waters nimble wayes,
Her vales, hils, plains, with founts, floods, ſeas encloſd

Her

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3.

Her rich wombe thou hast fruitfull made,
With choyce of seeds, that all wayes varied are:
And euery way, our eyes inuade
With formes and graces, in being common, rare.
In sweete greene herbes thou cloth'st her fields,
Distinguishest her hils with flowres.
Her woods thou mak'st her meadowes shields,
Adorn'd with branches, leaues, and odorous bowres.

4.

The wearie thou hast rest prepar'd,
The hote refreshest with coole shades of trees,
Which streames melodious enterlar'd,
For sweete retreats, that none but thy eye sees:
The thirstie, thou giu'st siluer springs;
The hungrie, berries of all kinds;
Herbes wholesome, and a world of things,
To nurse our bodies, and informe our minds.

5.

Now let me cast mine eye, and see (faire,
With what choice creatures, strangely form'd and
All seas, and lands, are fil'd by thee:

And

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And all the round ſpread tracts of yeelding aire.
Whoſe names or numbers who can reach?
With all earths powre, yet in thy ſpan:
All which, thy boundleſſe bounties preach,
All laide, O glorie! at the foote of man.

6.

Whoſe body, paſt all creatures ſhines,
Such wondrous orders of his parts thou mak'ſt,
Whoſe countenance, ſtate, and loue combines:
In him vnmou'd, when all the world thou ſhak'ſt.
Whoſe ſoule thou giu'ſt powre, euen of thee,
Ordaining it to leaue the earth,
All heauen, in her diſcourſe to ſee,
And note how great a wombe, went to her birth.

7.

Vnnumberd arts thou add'ſt in him,
To make his life more queint and more exact:
His eye, eterneſſe cannot dim.
Whoſe ſtate he mounts to, with a mind infract:
Thou ſhew'ſt him all the milke-white way,
Op'ſt all thy Tabernacles doores.
Learn'ſt how to praiſe thee, how to pray,
To ſhun, and chuſe, what likes and what abhorres.

To

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8.

To keepe him in which hallowed path,
As his companions, and perpetuall guides,
Prayre thou ordainſt, thy word and faith,
And loue, that all his foule offences hides.
And to each ſtep his foote ſhall take,
Thy couenants ſtand like wals of braſſe,
Which, from thy watch towre, good to make,
Thou add'ſt thine eye for his ſecurer paſſe.

9.

All this deare (Lord) I apprehend,
Thy Spirit euen partially inſpiring me:
Which to conſort me to my end,
With endleſſe thanks, Ile ſtrew my way to thee.
Confeſſing falling, thou haſt ſtaid:
Confirm'd me fainting, proſtrate raiſd,
With comforts rapt me, quite diſmaid,
And dead, haſt quickn'd me, to ſee thee praiſd.

All glorie to the Father be,
And to the Sonne, &c.

PSAL.

Petrarchs ſeuen

PSALME V.

Noctes meæ in mœrore tranſeunt.

1.

YEt, Lord, vnquiet ſinne is ſtirring, (ſhades:
My long nights, longer grow, like euening
In which woe loſt, is all waies erring:
And varied terror euery ſtep inuades.
Wayes made in teares, ſhut as they ope,
My lodeſtarre I can no way ſee:
Lame is my faith, blind loue and hope,
And, Lord, tis paſſing ill with me.

2.

My ſleepe, like glaſſe, in dreames is broken,
No quiet yeelding, but affright and care,
Signes that my poore life is forſpoken:
Lord, courbe the ill, and good in place prepare.
No more delay my ſpent deſire,
Tis now full time, for thee to heare:
Thy loue hath ſet my ſoule on fire,
My heart quite broke twixt hope and feare.

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3.

No outward light, my life hath graced,
My mind hath euer bene my onely Sunne:
And that so farre hath enuie chaced,
That all in clouds her hated head is runne.
And while she hides, immortall cares
Consume the soule, that sense inspires:
Since outward she sets eyes and eares,
And other ioyes spend her desires.

4.

She musters both without and in me,
Troubles, and tumults: she's my household theefe,
Opes all my doores to lust, and enuie,
And all my persecutors lends releefe.
Bind her, Lord, and my true soule free,
Preferre the gift thy hand hath giuen:
Thy image in her, crowne in me,
And make vs here free, as in heauen.

All glorie to the Father be,
And to the Sonne, &c.

C PSAL.

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PSALME VI.

Circumuallarunt me inimici.

1.

MY foes haue girt me in with armes,
And earthquakes toſt vp all my ioynts,
No fleſh can anſwer their alarmes,
Each ſpeare they manage hath ſo many points.

2.

Death, arm'd in all his horrors, leades:
Whom more I charge, the leſſe he yeelds:
Affections, with an hundred heads,
Conſpire with them, & turne on me their ſhields

3.

Nor looke I yet, Lord, to the Eaſt,
Nor hope for helpe, where I am will'd:
Nor, as I ought, haue arm'd my breaſt;
But ruſt in ſloth, and naked come to field.

4.

And therefore hath the hoſt of ſtarres
Now left me, that before I led:

Arm'd

Penitentiall Psalmes.

Arm'd Angels tooke my pay in wattres,
Frō whose height falne, all leaue me here for dead.

5.

In falling, I discern'd how sleight,
My footing was on those blest towres.
I lookt to earth, and her base height,
And so lost heauen, and all his aidfull powres.

6.

Now, broke on earth, my bodie lies,
Where theeues insult on my sad fall:
Spoyle me of many a daintie prise,
That farre I fetcht, t'enrich my soule withall.

7.

Nor ceasse they, but deforme me too,
With wounds that make me all engor'd:
And in the desart, leaue me so,
Halfe dead, all naked, and of all abhorr'd.

8.

My head, and bosome, they transfixt,
But in my torne affections rag'd:
Wounds there, with blood, and matter mixt,

Petrarchs ſeuen

Corrupt and leaue my very ſoule engag'd.

9.

There, Lord, my life doth moſt miſgiue,
  There quickly thy white hand beſtow:
Thou liu'ſt, and in thee I may liue.
  Thy fount of life doth euer ouerflow.

10.

All this from heauen, thy eyes explore,
  Yet ſilent ſitſt, and ſufferſt all:
Since all I well deſerue, and more;
  And muſt confeſſe me, wilfull in my fall:

11.

And hence tis, that thou letſt me bleed,
  Mak'ſt all men ſhun, and skorne my life:
That all my workes ſuch enuie breed,
  And my diſgrace giues food to all mens ſtrife.

12.

But this, ſince Goodneſſe oft doth cauſe,
  And tis Goods grace to heare his ill:
Since tis a chiefe point in his lawes,
  No thought, without our powre, to make our wil.

Still

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13.

Still let the greene seas of their gall,
Against this rocke with rage be borne:
And from their height, still let me fall:
Them, stand and laugh, & me lie still and scorne.

14.

But, Lord, my fall from thee, ô raise,
And giue my fainting life thy breath:
Sound keepe me euer in thy waies,
Thou mightie art, and setst downe lawes to death.

15.

Driue thou from this my ruines rape,
These theeues, that make thy *Phane* their den:
And let my innocence escape
The cunning malice of vngodly men.

All glorie to the Father be,
And to the Sonne as great as he:
With the coequall sacred Spirit:
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be euermore.
Glorie, all glorie to their merit.

Petrarchs ſeuen

PSALME VII.

Cogitabam ſtare.

1.

WHile I was faine, I thought to riſe,
And ſtand, preſuming on my thies:
But thighes, and knees, were too much broken.
My haire ſtood vp to ſee ſuch bane
Depreſſe preſumption ſo prophane:
I tremble but to heare it ſpoken.

2.

Yet in my ſtrength, my hope was ſuch,
Since I conceiu'd, thou vow'dſt as much:
I fain'd dreames, and reioyc't to faine them:
But weighing awake, thy vowes profound,
Their depth, my lead came ſhort to ſound:
And now, aye me, my teares containe them.

3.

For calmes, I into ſtormes did ſtere,
And look't through clouds, to ſee things cleare,
Thy waies ſhew'd crook't, like ſpeares in water;

When

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When mine went trauerſe, and no Snake
Could winde with that courſe, I did take:
No Courtier could ſo groſly flatter.

4.

But which way I ſoeuer bend,
Thou meet'ſt me euer in the end:
Thy finger ſtrikes my ioynts with terrors;
Yet no more ſtrikes, then points the way:
Which, weighing weeping, ſtraight I ſtay,
And with my teares cleanſe feete and errors.

5.

But of my ſelfe, when I beleeue
To make my ſteps, thy waies atchieue,
I turne head, and am treading mazes;
I feele ſinnes ambuſh; and am vext
To be in error ſo perplext,
Nor yet can finde reſts holy places.

6.

I loath my ſelfe, and all my deeds,
Like Rubarbe taſte, or Colchean weeds:
I flie them, with their throwes vpon me,

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In each new purpoſe, cuſtomes old,
So checke it, that the ſtone I rold
Neuer ſo oft, againe fals on me.

7.

No ſtep in mans truſt ſhould be trod,
Vnleſſe in mans, as his in God:
Of which truſt, make good life the founder.
Without which, truſt no forme, nor art;
Faiths loadſtarre is a guiltleſſe heart;
Good life is truths moſt learn'd expounder.

8.

With which, Lord, euer rule my skill;
In which, as I ioyne powre with will,
So let me truſt, my truth in learning,
To ſuch minds, thou all truth reſt oper
The reſt are rapt with ſtormes paſt hope;
The leſſe, for more deepe arts diſcerning.

9.

Bleſſe, Lord, who thus their arts employ,
Their ſure truth, celebrate with ioy,
And teare the maskes from others faces;

That

Penitentiall Pſalmes.

That make thy Name, a cloake for ſinne;
Learning but termes to iangle in,
And ſo diſgrace thy beſt of Graces.

10.

Whereof ſince I haue onely this,
That learnes me what thy true will is,
Which thou, in comforts ſtill concludeſt;
My poore Muſe ſtill ſhall ſit, and ſing,
In that ſweete ſhadow of thy wing,
Which thou to all earths ſtate obtrudeſt.

11.

As oft as I my fraile foote moue,
From this pure fortreſſe of thy loue:
So oft let my glad foes deride me.
I know my weakeneſſe yet, and feare,
By triall, to build comforts there,
It doth ſo like a ruine hide me.

12.

My worth is all, but ſhade, I finde,
And like a fume, before the winde;
I gaſpe with ſloth, thy waies applying:

Lie

Petrarchs seuen.

Lie tumbling in corrupted blood:
Loue onely, but can do no good:
Helpe, Lord, leſt I amend not dying.

All glorie to the Father be,
And to the Sonne as great as he,
With the coequall ſacred Spirit:
Who all beginnings were before:
Are, and ſhall be euermore.
Glorie, all glorie to their merit.

The end of Petrarchs ſeuen Penitentiall Pſalmes.

Penitentiall Psalmes.

THE I. PSALME
more strictly translated.

1.

O Me accurst, since I haue set on me
(Incenst so sternely) my so meeke Redeemer:
And haue bene proud in prides supreme degree:
Of his so serious law, a sleight esteemer.

2.

I left the narrow right way with my will,
In bywaies brode, and farre about transferred:
And euery way found toyle, and euery ill,
Yet still in tracts more rough, and steepe I erred.

3.

Where one or other of the brutish heard
My feete encounterd, yet more brute affected:
Euen to the dens of sauage beasts I err'd,
And there my manlesse mansion house erected.

4.

I haunted pleasure still, where sorrow mourn'd,

My

Petrarchs ſeuen

My couch of eaſe, in ſharpeſt brambles making:
I hop't for reſt, where reſtleſſe torment burnd,
In ruines boſome, ſleepes ſecurely taking.

5.

Now then, aye me, what reſteth to be done,
Where ſhall I turne me, where ſuch dangers trēble?
My youths faire flowres, are altogether gone,
And now a wretched ſhipwracke I reſemble.

6.

That (all the merchandiſe, and venture loſt,)
Swims naked forth, with ſeas and tempeſts toſt.

7.

Farre from my hauen, I roue, touch at no ſtreme
That any courſe to my ſaluation tenders:
But waies ſiniſter, rauiſh me with them:
I ſee a little; which more grieuous renders

8.

My inward conflict, ſince my charges paſſe
Vpon my ſelfe; and my lad ſoule endanger:
Anger with ſinne ſtriues; but ſo huge a maſſe
Of cruell miſeries oppreſſe mine anger;

Penitentiall Psalmes.

9.

That it confounds me, nor leaues place for breath,
Oft I attempt to flie, and meditation
Contends to shake off my old yoke of death,
But to my bones cleaues the vncur'd vexation.

10.

O that at length, my necke his yoke could cleare,
Which would be straite, wouldst thou ô highest (will it:
O that so angrie with my sinne I were,
That I could loue thee, though thus late fulfill it.

11.

But much I feare it, since my freedome is
So with mine owne hands out of heart, & sterued:
And I must yeeld, my torment iust in this;
Sorrow, and labor, wring me most deserued.

12.

Mad wretch, what haue I to my selfe procured?
Mine owne hands forg'd, the chains I haue endur'd.

13.

In deaths blacke ambush, with my will I fell,

And

Petrarchs ſeuen

And whereſoeuer vulgar brode waies traine me:
Nets are diſpoſde for me, by him of hell. (me.
When more retir'd, more narrow paths containe

14.

There meete my feete with fitted ſnares as ſure,
I (wretch looke downeward, and of one ſide euer;
And euerie ſlipperie way I walke ſecure,
My ſins forget their traitrous flatteries neuer.

15.

I thought the grace of youth could neuer erre, (me,
And follow'd where his boundles force wold driue
Said to my ſelfe; Why ſhould th'extremes deterre,
Before youths ſeaſon, of the meane depriue me?

16.

Each age is bounded in his proper ends;
God, I know, ſees this, but he laughs and ſees it:
Pardon, at any time, on prayre attends;
Repentance ſtill weeps when thy wiſh decrees it.

17.

Then vileſt cuſtome challengeth his ſlaue,
And laies on hand, that all defence denies me;

Penitentiall Psalmes.

And then no place reseru'd for flight I haue:
Subdu'd I am, and farre my refuge flies me.

17.

Die in my sinne I shall, vnlesse my aide
Stoopes from aloft, of which deserts depriue me.
Yet haue thou mercie, Lord, helpe one dismaide,
Thy word retain, & from hell mouth retriue me.

All glorie to the Father be,
And to the Sonne as great as he:
With the coequall sacred Spirit;
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be euermore,
Glorie, all glorie to their merit.

A HYMNE TO OVR
Saviour on the Crosse.

HAile great Redeemer, man, and God, all haile,
Whose feruent agonie, tore the temples vaile,
Let sacrifices out, darke Propheſies
And miracles: and let in, for all theſe,
* A ſimple pietie, a naked heart,
And humble ſpirit, that no leſſe impart,
And proue thy Godhead to vs, being as rare,
And in all ſacred powre, as circulare.
Water and blood mixt, were not ſwet from thee
With deadlier hardneſſe: more diuinitie
Of ſupportation, then through fleſh and blood,
Good doctrine is diffuſde, and life as good.
O open to me then, (like thy ſpread armes
That East & Weſt reach) all thoſe miſticke charmes
That hold vs in thy life and diſcipline:
Thy merits in thy loue ſo thrice diuine;
It made thee, being our God, aſſume our man;
And like our Champion Olympian,
Come to the field gainſt Sathan, and our ſinne:

* *Simplicitie of pietie, and good life, anſwerable to ſuch doctrine in men; now as rare as miracles in other times: and require as much diuinitie of ſupportation.*

Wraſtle

vpon the Crosse.

Wraſtle with torments, and the garland winne
From death & hell; which cannot crowne our browes
[1] But blood muſt follow: thornes mixe w̄ thy bowes
Of conquering Lawrell, faſt naild to thy Croſſe,
Are all the glories we can here engroſſe.
Proue then to thoſe, that in vaine glories place
Their happineſſe here: thy hold not by thy grace,
To thoſe whoſe powres, proudly oppoſe thy lawes,
Oppreſſing Vertue, giuing Vice applauſe:
They neuer manage iuſt authoritie,
But thee in thy deare members crucifie.
Thou couldſt haue come in glorie paſt them all,
With powre to force thy pleaſure, and empale
Thy Church with braſſe, & Adamant, that no ſwine,
Nor theeues, nor hypocrites, nor fiends [2] diuine
Could haue broke in, or rooted, or put on
Veſtments of Pietie, when their hearts had none:
Or rapt to ruine with pretext, to ſaue:
Would [3] pompe, and radiance, rather not out braue
Thy naked truth, then cloath, or countnance it

1 *As our Sauiours browes bled with his crowne of thorns.*
2 *Such as are Diuines in profeſſion; and in fact, diuels, or Wolues in sheepes clothing* 3 *Pompe and outward glorie, rather outface truth then countenance it.*

A hymne to Christ

With grace, and such sincereneſſe as is fit:
But since true pietie weares her pearles within,
And outward paintings onely pranke vp sinne:
Since bodies strengthned, soules go to the wall;
Since God we cannot serue and Beliall.
Therefore thou putst on, earths most abiect plight,
Hid'st thee in humbleſſe, vnderwentst deſpight,
Mockerie, detraction, sh ame, blowes, vileſt death.
Theſe, thou, thy [4]souldiers taughtst to fight beneath:
Mad'st a commanding Preſident of theſe,
Perfect, perpetuall: bearing all the keyes
To holineſſe, and heauen. To theſe, such lawes
Thou in thy blood writst: that were no more cauſe
[5] T'enflame our loues, and feruent faiths in thee,
Then in them, truths diuine simplicitie,
Twere full enough; for therein we may well
See thy white finger furrowing blackeſt hell,
In turning vp the errors that our ſence
And ſenſuall powres, incurre by negligence
Of our eternall truth-exploring ſoule.

4 *Christ taught all his militant ſouldiers to fight vnder the enſignes of Shame and Death.* 5 *We need no other exeſtation to our faith in God, and good life, but the Scriptures, and vſe of their meanes preſcribed.*

All

upon the Crosse.

All Churches powres, thy writ word doth controule;
And, mixt it with the fabulous Alchoran,
A man might bouk it out, as floure from branne;
Easily discerning it, a heauenly birth,
Brake it but now out, and but crept on earth.
Yet (as if God lackt mans election,
And shadowes were creators of the Sunne)
Men must authorise it: antiquities
Must be explor'd, to spirit, and giue it thies,
And [c] controuersies, thicke as flies at Spring,
Must be maintain'd about th'ingenuous meaning;
When no stile can expresse it selfe so cleare,
Nor holds so euen, and firme a character.
Those mysteries that are not to be reacht,
Still to be striu'd with, make them more impeacht:
* And as the Mill fares with an ill pickt grist,
When any stone, the stones is got betwist,
Rumbling together, fill the graine with grit;
Offends the eare, sets teeth an edge with it:
Blunts the pict quarrie so, twill grinde no more,
Spoyles bread, and scants the Millars custom'd store.

6 Τα μὲν πράγματα ὡς ἔργα τὰ δὲ ἔργα ὡς πράγματα. *In these controuersies men make the By the Maine: the Maine the By.* * *Simile.*

A hymne to Christ

So in the Church, when controuerſie fals,
It marres her muſicke, ſhakes her batterd wals,
Grates tender conſciences, and weakens faith;
The bread of life taints, & makes worke for Death;
Darkens truths light, with her perplext Abyſmes,
And duſtlike grinds men into ſects and ſchiſmes.
And what's the cauſe? the words deficiencie?
In volume, matter, perſpicutitie?
Ambition, luſt, and damned auarice,
Peruert, and each the ſacred word applies
To his prophane ends; all to profite giuen,
[7] And purſnets lay to catch the ioyes of heauen.
Since truth, and reall worth, men ſeldome ſeaſe,
Impoſtors moſt, and ſleighteſt learnings pleaſe:
And, where the true Church, like the neſt ſhould be
Of chaſt, and prouident [8] Alcione:
(To which is onely one ſtraight orifice,
Which is ſo ſtrictly fitted to her ſiſe,
[9] That no bird bigger then her ſelfe, or leſſe,

7 *Men ſeeke heauen, with vſing the enemies to it; Money and Auarice.* 8 *Alciones neſt deſcribed in part, out of Plut. to which the Church is compared.* 9 *If the bird be leſſe, the ſea will get in; by which meanes though she may get in, she could not preſerue it.*

Can

vpon the Crosse.

Can pierce and keepe it, or discerne th'accesse:
Nor which the sea it selfe, on which tis made,
Can euer ouerflow, or once inuade.
[1]Now wayes so many to her Altars are,
So easie, so prophane, and populare: (beasts,
That torrents charg'd with weeds, and sin-drownd
Breake in, lode, cracke them: sensuall ioyes and feasts
Corrupt their pure fumes: and the slendrest flash
Of lust, or profite, makes a standing plash
Of sinne about them, which men will not passe.
Looke (Lord) vpon them, build them wals of brasse,
To keepe prophane feete off: do not thou
In wounds and anguish euer ouerflow,
And suffer such in ease, and sensualitie,
Dare to reiect thy rules of humble life:
The minds true peace, & turne their zeales to strife,
For obiects earthly, and corporeall.
A tricke of humblesse now they practise all,
Confesse their no deserts, habilities none:
Professe all frailties, and amend not one:
As if a priuiledge they meant to claime
In sinning by acknowledging the maime
Sinne gaue in Adam: Nor the surplussage

1 *Altars of the Church for her holiest places vnderstood.*

A hymne to Christ

Of thy redemption, seeme to put in gage
For his transgression: that thy vertuous paines
(Deare Lord) haue eate out all their former staines;
That thy most mightie innocence had powre
To cleanse their guilts: that the vnualued dowre
Thou mad'st the Church thy spouse, in pietie,
And (to endure paines impious) constancie,
Will and alacratie (if they inuoke)
To beare the sweete lode, and the easie yoke
Of thy iniunctions, in diffusing these
(In thy perfection) through her faculties:
In euery fiuer, suffering to her vse,
And perfecting the forme thou didst infuse
[2] In mans creation: made him cleare as then
Of all the frailties, since defiling men.
[3] And as a runner at th'Olympian games,
With all the luggage he can lay on, frames
His whole powres to y race, bags, pockets, greaues
Stuft full of sand he weares, which when he leaues,
And doth his other weightie weeds vncouer,
With which halfe smothered, he is wrapt all ouer:

2 Vbi abundauit delictum, superabundauit gratia. Rom. 5. ver. 20. 3 *A simile, to life expressing mans estate, before our Saviours descension.*

Then

vpon the Crosse.

Then seemes he light, and fresh as morning aire;
Guirds him with silkes, swaddles with roulers faire
His lightsome body: and away he scoures
So swift, and light, he scarce treads down the flowrs:
So to our game propolde, of endlesse ioy
(Before thy deare death) when we did employ,
Our tainted powres; we felt them clogd and chain'd
With sinne and bondage, which did rust, and raign'd
In our most mortall bodies: but when thou
Strip'dst vs of these bands, and from foote to brow
Guirt, rold, and trimd vs vp in thy deserts:
Free were our feete, and hands; and spritely hearts
Leapt in our bosoms; and (ascribing still
All to thy merits: both our powre and will
To euery thought of goodnesse, wrought by thee;
4 That diuine scarlet, in which thou didst die
Our cleansd consistens; lasting still in powre
T'enable acts in vs, as the next howre
To thy most sauing, glorious sufferance)
We may make all our manly powres aduance
Vp to thy Image; and these formes of earth,
Beauties and mockeries, match in beastly birth:

4 *Our Sauiours blood, now and euer, as fresh, and vertuous as in the howre it was shed for vs.*

A hymne to Christ

We may despise, with still aspiring spirits
To thy high graces, in thy still fresh merits:
Not touching at this base and spongie mould,
For any springs of lust, or mines of gold.
For else (milde Sauiour, pardon me to speake)
How did thy foote, the Serpents forhead breake?
How hath the Nectar of thy vertuous blood,
The sinke of Adams forfeit ouer flow'd?
How doth it set vs free, if we still stand
[5] (For all thy sufferings) bound both foote and hand
Vassals to Sathan? Didst thou onely die,
Thine owne diuine deserts to glorifie,
And shew thou couldst do this? O were not those
Giuen to our vse in powre? If we shall lose
By damn'd relapse, grace to enact that powre:
And basely giue vp our redemptions towre,
Before we trie our strengths, built all on thine,
[6] And with a humblesse, false, and Asinine,
Flattering our senses, lay vpon our soules

5 *Our Sauiour suffered nothing for himselfe, his owne betterneſſe, or comfort: but for vs and ours.* 6 *It is falſe humilitie to lay neceſſarily (all our Sauiours grace vnderſtood) the victorie of our bodies, on our ſoules.*

The

vpon the Crosse.

The burthens of their conquests, and like Moules
Grouell in earth still, being aduanc't to heauen:
(Cowes that we arre) in heards how are we driuen
To Sathans shambles? Wherein stand we for
Thy heauenly image, Hels great Conqueror?
Didst thou not offer, to restore our fall
Thy sacrifice, full, once, and one for all?
If we be still downe, how then can we rise
Againe with thee, and seeke crownes in the skies?
But we excuse this; saying, We are but men,
And must erre, must fall: what thou didst sustaine
To free our beastly frailties, neuer can
With all thy grace, by any powre in man
Make good thy Rise to vs: O blasphemie
In hypocriticall humilitie!
[7] As we are men, we death and hell controule,
Since thou createdst man a liuing soule:
[8] As euerie houre we sinne, we do like beasts:
Needlesse, and wilfull, murthering in our breasts
Thy saued image, out of which, one cals

7 Man is a liuing soule. Gen. 2. 8 We do not like men when we sin, (for as we are true and worthie men, we are Gods images:) but like brutish creatures, slauishly and wilfully conquered with the powers of flesh.

Our

A hymne to Christ

Our humane soules, mortall celestials:
When casting off a good lifes godlike grace,
We fall from God; and then make good our place
When we returne to him: and so are said
To liue: when life like his true forme we leade,
And die (as much as an immortall creature:)
[1] Not that we vtterly can ceasse to be,
But that we fall from lifes best qualitie.
But we are tost out of our humane Throne
By pied and Protean opinion;
We vouch thee onely, for pretext and fashion,
And are not inward with thy death and passion.
We slauishly renounce the royaltie
With which thou crownst vs in thy victorie:
Spend all our manhood in the fiends defence,
And drowne thy right, in beastly negligence.
God neuer is deceiu'd so, to respect,
His shade in Angels beauties, to neglect
His owne most cleare and rapting louelinesse:
Nor Angels dote so on the species
And grace giuen to our soule (which is their shade)

[1] οὐ τῷ εἰς τὸ μὴ εἶναι ἐκβαίνει, ἀλλὰ τῷ τοῦ εὖ εἶναι ἀποπίπτει. Hier. in Carm. Pythag. Non quod existere desinat, sed quod vitæ præstantia exciderit.

That

vpon the Croſſe.

That therefore they will let their owne formes fade.
And yet our ſoule (which moſt deſerues our woe,
And that from which our whole miſhap doth flow)
So ſoſtn'd is, and rapt (as with a ſtorme)
With flatteries of our baſe corporeall forme,
(Which is her ſhadow) that ſhe quite forſakes
Her proper nobleſſe, and for nothing takes
The beauties that for her loue, thou putſt on;
In torments rarefied farre paſt the Sunne.
Hence came the cruell fate that Orpheus
Sings of Narciſſus: who being amorous
Of his ſhade in the water (which denotes
Beautie in bodies, that like water flotes)
Deſpiſd himſelfe, his ſoule, and ſo let fade
His ſubſtance for a neuer-purchaſt ſhade.
Since ſoules of their vſe, ignorant are ſtill,
With this vile bodies vſe, men neuer fill.
And, as the Suns light, in ſtreames ne're ſo faire
Is but a ſhadow, to his light in aire,
His ſplendor that in aire we ſo admire,
[3] Is but a ſhadow to his beames in fire:
In fire his brightneſſe, but a ſhadow is
To radiance fir'd, in that pure breſt of his:

3 *Simile.*

So

A hymne to Christ

So as the ſubiect on which thy grace ſhines,
Is thicke, or cleare; to earth or heauen inclines;
So that truths light ſhowes; ſo thy paſſion takes;
With which, who inward is, and thy breaſt makes
Bulwarke to his breaſt, againſt all the darts
The foe ſtil ſhoots more, more his late blow ſmarts,
And ſea-like raues moſt, where tis moſt withſtood.
He taſts the ſtrength and vertue of thy blood:
He knows that when fleſh is moſt ſooth'd, & grac't,
Admir'd and magnified, ador'd, and plac't
In height of all the blouds Idolatry,
And fed with all the ſpirits of Luxury,
One thought of ioy, in any ſoule that knowes
Her owne true ſtrength, and thereon doth repoſe;
Bringing her bodies organs to attend
Chiefly her powres, to her eternall end;
Makes all things outward; and the ſweeteſt ſin,
That raniſheth the beaſtly fleſh within;
All but a fiend, prankt in an Angels plume:
A ſhade, a fraud, before the wind a fume.
Hayle then diuine Redeemer, ſtill all haile,
All glorie, gratitude, and all auaile,

The minds ioy farre aboue the bodies, to thoſe few, whom God hath inſpird with the ſoules true vſe.

Be

vpon the Crosse.

Be giuen thy all-deseruing agonie;
Whose vineger thou Nectar mak'st in me,
Whose goodnesse freely all my ill turnes good:
Since ỹ being etusht, & straind throgh flesh & blood:
Each nerue and artire needs must tast of thee.
What odour burn'd in ayres that holsome be,
Leaues not his sent there? O then how much more
Must thou, whose sweetnesse swet eternall odour,
Stick where it breath'd: & for whō thy sweet breath,
Thou freely gau'st vp, to reuine his death?
Let those that shrink then as their conscience lodes,
That fight in Sathans right, and faint in Gods,
Still count them slaues to Sathan. I am none:
Thy fight hath freed me, thine ỹ mak'st mine owne.

*O then (my sweetest and my onely life)
Confirme this comfort, purchast with thy griefe,
And my despisde soule of the world, loue thou:
No thought to any other ioy I vow.
Order these last steps of my abiect state,
Straite on the marke a man should leuell at:
And grant that while I striue to forme in me,
Thy sacred image, no aduersitie

* *Inuocatio.*

May

A hymne to Christ, &c.

May make me draw one limme, or line amisse:
Let no vile fashion wrest my faculties
From what becomes that Image. Quiet so
My bodies powres, that neither weale nor wo,
May stirre one thought vp, gainst thy freest will.
Grant, that in me, my mindes waues may be still:
The world for no extreme may vse her voice;
Nor Fortune treading reeds, make any noise.
Amen.

Complaine not whatsoeuer Need inuades,
But beauiest fortunes beare as lightest shades.
Ἀνίχε καὶ Ἀπέχου.

Poems.

VIRGILS EPIGRAM
of a good man.

1 A Good and wiſe man (ſuch as hardly one
Of millions, could be found out by the Sun)
Is Iudge himſelfe, of what ſtuffe he is wrought,
And doth explore his whole man to a thought.
What ere great men do; what their ſawcie bawdes;
What vulgar cenſure barks at, or applauds:
His carriage ſtill is chearfull and ſecure;
He, in himſelfe, worldlike, full, round, and ſure.
2 Leſt, through his poliſht parts, the ſlendreſt ſtaine
Of things without, in him ſhould ſit, and raigne;
To whatſoeuer length, the fierie Sunne,
Burning in Cancer, doth the day light runne;
How farre ſoeuer Night ſhall ſtretch her ſhades,
When Phœbus gloomie Capricorne inuades;
He ſtudies ſtill; and with the equall beame,

1 *The Sunne vſurpt for Apollo; whoſe Oracle being aſkt for ſuch a man, found onely* Socrates. 2 Externæ nequid labis per læuia ſidat. *This verſe Aſcenſius ioynes with the next before; which is nothing ſo; the ſence being vtterly repugnant, as any impartiall and iudiciall conſerrer (I ſuppoſe) will conſirme.*

His

Poems.

[3]His ballance turnes; himſelfe weighs to th'extreme.
Leſt any crannie gaſpe, or angle ſwell
Through his ſtrict forme: and that he may compell
His equall parts to meete in ſuch a ſphere,
That with a * compaſſe tried, it ſhall not erre:
What * euer ſubiect is, is ſolide ſtill:
Wound him, and with your violent * fingers feele
All parts within him, you ſhall neuer find
An emptie corner, or an abiect mind.
He neuer lets his watchfull lights deſcend,
To thoſe ſweet ſleepes that all iuſt men attend,
Till all the acts the long day doth beget,
With thought on thought laid, he doth oft repeate:
Examines what hath paſt him, as forgot:

3 Cogitat, & iuſto trutinæ ſe examine penſat, *This verſe is likewiſe miſ-ioyned in the order of Aſcenſcius, which makes the period to thoſe before.* * *I here needleſſy take a little licence: for the word is* Amuſſis, *the mind of the Author being as well expreſt in A compaſſe.* Sit ſolidum quodcunque ſubeſt, nec inania ſubtus. Subeſt *and* ſubtus *Aſcenſ. confounds in his ſence; which the preſneſſe and matter of this Poem allowes not: it being in a Tranſlator ſooner and better ſeen then a Commentor.* *He would turne* digitis pellentibus, *to* digitis palantibus. *To which place, the true order is hard to hit. And that truth in my conuerſion (how oppoſite ſoeuer any may ſtand) with any conference, I make no doubt I ſhall perſwade.*

What

Poems.

What deed or word was vſde in time, what not.
Why this deed of Decorum felt defect?
Of reaſon, that? What left I by neglect?
Why ſet I this opinion downe for true,
That had bene better chang'd? Why did I* rue
Need in one poore ſo, that I felt my mind
(To breach of her free powres) with griefe declin'd?
Why will'd I what was better not to will?
Why (wicked that I was) preferr'd I ſtill
Profite to honeſtie? Why any one
Gaue I a foule word? or but lookt vpon,
With count'nance churliſh? Why ſhould nature draw
More my affects, then manly reaſons law?
Through all this thoughts, words works, thus ma-
And all reuoluing, frō the Euen till Day: (king way,

*Miſeratus egentē, cur aliquē fracta perſenſi mente dolorem. *Aſcenſ. very iudicially makes this good man in this ditti, oppoſite to a good Chriſtian, ſince Chriſt (the preſident of all good men) enioynes vs*, vt ſupra omnia miſericordes ſimus. *But his meaning here is', that a good and wiſe man ſhould not ſo pitie the want of any, that he ſhould want manly patience himſelfe to ſuſtaine it. And his reaſon Seruius alledgeth for him is this, ſaying*, In quem cadit vna mentis perturbatio, poſſe in eum omnes cadere: ſicut pōt eſt ōmni virtute pollere cui virtus vna contigerit.

Poems.

Angrie, with what amisse, abusde the light,
Palme and reward he giues to what was right.

A great Man.

1 A Great and politicke man (which I oppose
To good and wise) is neuer as he showes.
Neuer explores himselfe to find his faults:
But cloaking them, before his conscience halts.
Flatters himselfe, and others flatteries buyes,
Seemes made of truth, and is a forge of lies.
Breeds bawdes and sycophants, and traitors makes
To betray traitors; playes, and keepes the stakes,
Is iudge and iuror, goes on life and death:
And damns before the fault hath any breath.
Weighs faith in falsehoods ballance; iustice does
To cloake oppression; taile-like downward groes:
Earth his whole end is: heauen he mockes, and hell:
2 And thinkes that is not, that in him doth dwell.
Good, with Gods right hand giuē, his left takes t'euil:

1 *A great & politike man, such as is, or may be opposed, to good or wise.* 2 *The priuation of a good life, and therein the ioyes of heauen, is hell in this world.*

When

Poems.

When holy moſt he ſeemes, he moſt is euill.
Ill vpon ill he layes: th'embroderie
Wrought on his ſtate, is like a leproſie,
The whiter, ſtill the fouler. What his like,
What ill in all the bodie politike
Thriues in, and moſt is curſt: his moſt bliſſe fires:
And of two ils, ſtill to the worſt aſpires.
When his thrift feeds, iuſtice and mercie feare him:
And (*Wolf-like fed) he gnars at all men nere him.
Neuer is chearefull, but when flatterie trailes
On *ſquatting profite; or when Policie vailes
Some vile corruption: that lookes red with anguiſh
Like wauing reeds, his windſhook cõforts languiſh.
Paies neuer debt, but what he ſhould not ow;
Is ſure and ſwift to hurt, yet thinks him ſlow.
His bountie is moſt rare, but when it comes,
Tis moſt ſuperfluous, and with ſtrook-vp drums.

*As Wolues and Tigers horribly gnarre, in their feeding: ſo theſe zealous, and giuen-ouer great ones to their own luſts and ambitions: in aſpiriring to them, and their ends, fare, to all that come nere them in competencie: or that reſiſt their deuouring. * This alludeth to hounds vpon the traile of a ſquat Hare, and making a chearefull crie about her, is applyed to the forced cheare or flatterie this great man sheweth, when he hunts for his profite.*

Poems.

Leſt any true good pierce him, with ſuch good
As ill breeds in him, Mortar, made with blood
Heapes ſtone-wals in his heart, to keepe it out.
His ſenſuall faith, his ſoules truth keepes in doubt,
And like a rude, * vnlearn'd Plebeian,
Without him ſeekes his whole inſulting man.
[1] Nor can endure, as a moſt deare proſpect,
To looke into his owne life, and reflect
Reaſon vpon it, like a Sunne ſtill ſhining,
To giue it comfort, ripening, and refining:
But his blacke ſoule, being ſo deformd with ſinne,
He ſtill abhorres; with all things hid within:
And forth he wanders, with the outward faſhion,
Feeding, and fatting vp his reprobation.
Diſorderly he ſets foorth euerie deed,
Good neuer doing, but where is no need.
If any * ill he does, (and hunts through blood,
For ſhame, ruth, right, religion) be withſtood,

* Plebeij ſtatus & nota eſt nunquam à ſeipſo vel damnum expectare, vel vtilitatem, ſed à rebus externis.

[1] *How a good great man ſhould employ his greatneſſe.*

* *The moſt vnchriſtian diſpoſition of a great and ill man, in following any that withſtand his ill.*

Poems.

The market withstander, his race, kin, least friend,
That neuer did, in least degree offend,
He prosecutes, with hir'd intelligence
To fate, defying God and conscience,
And to the vtmost mite, he rauisheth
All they can yeeld him, rackt past life and death.
In all his acts, he this doth verifie,
The greater man, the lesse humanitie.
While * Phebus runs his course through all the (signes,
He neuer studies; but he vndermines,
Blowes vp, and ruines, with pretext to saue:
Plots treason, and lies hid in th'actors graue.
Vast crannies gaspe in him, as wide as hell,
And angles, gibbet-like, about him swell:
Yet seemes he smooth and polisht, but no more
Solide within, then is a Medlars core.
The kings frown fels him, like a gun-strooke fowle:
When downe he lies, and casts the calfe his soule.
He neuer sleepes but being tir'd with lust:
Examines what past, not enough vniust;
Not bringing wealth enough, not state, not grace:
Not shewing miserie bedrid in his face:
Not skorning vertue, not depraying her,

* *This hath reference (as most of the rest hath) to the good man before, being this mans opposite.*

Poems.

Whoſe ruth ſo flies him, that her Bane's his cheare.
In ſhort, exploring all that paſſe his guards,
Each good he plagues, and euerie ill rewards.

A ſleight man.

A Sleight, and mixt man (ſet as twere the meane
Twixt both the firſt) frō both their heapes doth
Is neither good, wiſe, great, nor polititick. (gleane:
Yet taſtes of all theſe with a naturall tricke.
Nature and Art, ſometimes meet in his parts:
Sometimes deuided are: the auſtere arts,
Splint him together, ſet him in a brake
Of forme and reading. Nor is let partake
With iudgement, wit, or [1] ſweetneſſe: but as time,
Terms, language, and degrees, haue let him clime,
To learn'd opinion; ſo he there doth ſtand,
Starke as a ſtatue; ſtirres nor foote nor hand.
Nor any truth knowes: knowledge is a meane
To make him ignorant, and rapts him cleane,
In ſtormes from truth. For what Hippocrates
Sayes of foule [2] bodies (what moſt nouriſhes,

1 *Intending in his writing, &c.* 2 Quo magis alantur, eo magis ea lædi.

That

Poems.

That moſt annoies them) is more true of minds:
For there, their firſt inherent prauitie blinds
Their powres preiudicate: and all things true
Propoſd to them, corrupts, and doth eſchue:
Some, as too full of toyle; of preiudice ſome:
Some fruitleſſe, or paſt powre to ouercome:
With which, it ſo augments, that he will ſeeme
With [3] iudgment, what he ſhould hold, to contemne
And is incurable. And this is he
Whoſe learning formes not lifes integritie.
This the mere Artiſt, the mixt naturaliſt,
With foole-quicke memorie, makes his hand a fiſt,
And catcheth Flies, and Niſles: and retaines
With heartie ſtudie, and vnthriftie paines,
What your compoſd man ſhuns. With theſe his pen
And prompt tongue tickles th'eares of vulgar men:
Sometimes takes matter too, and vtters it
With an admir'd and heauenly ſtraine of wit:
Yet with all this, hath humors more then can
Be thruſt into a foole, or to a woman.

3 *To be therefore inſtructed in the truth of knowledge, or aſpire to any egregious vertue; not ſtiffe & vnnoticed Art ſerues: but he muſt be helpt beſides,* benigniore naſcendi hora. *According to this of Iuuenal.* —plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
Quam ſi te Veneris commendet epiſtola Marti.

Poems.

As nature made him, reason came by chance,
Held her torch to him, cast him in a trance;
And makes him vtter things that (being awake
In life and manners) he doth quite forsake.
He will be graue, and yet is light as aire;
He will be proude, yet poore euen to dispaire.
Neuer sat Truth in a tribunall fit,
But in a modest, staid, and humble wit.
I rather wish to be a naturall bred,
Then these great wits with madnesse leauened.
He's bold, and frontlesse, passionate, and mad,
Drunken, adulterous, good at all things bad.
Yet for one good, he quotes the best in pride,
And is enstil'd a man well qualifide.
These delicate shadowes of things vertuous then
Cast on these vitious, pleasing, patcht vp men,
Are but the diuels cousenages to blind
Mens sensuall eyes, and choke the enuied mind.
And where the truly * learnd is euermore
Gods simple Image, and true imitator.

* *The truly learned imitateth God, the sophister emulateth man. His imperfections are hid in the mists imposture breathes: the others perfections are vnseene by the brightnesse truth casts about his temples, that dazle ignorant and corrupt beholders, or apprehenders.*

These

Poems.

Theſe ſophiſters are emulators ſtill
(Couſening, ambitious) of men true in skill.
Their imperfections yet are hid in ſleight,
Of the felt darkneſſe, breath'd out by deceipt,
The truly learn'd, is likewiſe hid, and failes
To pierce eyes vulgar, but with other vailes.
And they are the diuine beames, truth caſts round
About his beauties, that do quite confound
Senſuall beholders. Scuſe theſe rare ſeene then,
And take more heede of common ſleighted men.

A good woman.

A Woman good, and faire (which no dame can
Eſteeme much eaſier found then a good man)
Sets not her ſelfe to ſhew, nor found would be:
Rather her vertues flie abroad then ſhe.
Dreames not on faſhions, loues no goſſips feaſts,
Affects no newes, no tales, no gueſts, no ieaſts:
Her worke, and reading writs of worthieſt men:
Her husbands pleaſure, well taught childeren:
Her houſholds fit prouiſion to ſee ſpent,
As fits her husbands will, and his conſent:
Spends pleaſingly her time, delighting ſtill,
To her iuſt dutie, to adapt her will.

Vertue

Poems.

Vertue ſhe loues, rewards and honors it,
And hates all ſcoffing, bold and idle wit:
Pious and wiſe ſhe is, and treads vpon
This fooliſh and this falſe opinion,
That learning fits not women; ſince it may
Her naturall cunning helpe, and make more way
To light, and cloſe affects: for ſo it can
Courbe and compoſe them too, as in a man:
And, being noble, is the nobleſt meane,
To ſpend her time: thoughts idle and vncleane,
Preuenting and ſuppreſſing: to which end
She entertaines it: and doth more commend
Time ſpent in that, then houſwiferies low kinds,
As ſhort of that, as bodies are of minds.
If it may hurt, is powre of good leſſe great,
Since food may luſt excite, ſhall ſhe not eate?
She is not Moone-like, that the Sunne, her ſpouſe
Being furtheſt off, is cleare and glorious:
And being neare, growes pallid and obſcure:
But in her husbands preſence, is moſt pure,
In all chaſt ornaments, bright ſtill with him,
And in his abſence, all retir'd and dim:
With him ſtill kind and pleaſing, ſtill the ſame;
Yet with her weeds, not putting off her ſhame:

Poems.

But when for bed-rites her attire is gone,
In place thereof her modeſt ſhame goes on.
Not with her husband lies, but he with her.
And in their loue-ioyes doth ſo much prefer
Modeſt example, that ſhe will not kniſe
Her husband, when her daughter preſent is.
When a iuſt husband right he would emoy,
She neither flies him, nor with moods is coy.
One, of the light dame ſauours, th'other ſhowes
Pride, nor from loues ingenuous humor flowes.
And as *Geometricians approue,
That lines, nor ſuperficies, do moue
Themſelues, but by their bodies motions go.
So your good woman neuer ſtriues to grow
Strong in her owne affections and delights,
But to her husbands equall appetites,
Earneſts and ieaſts, and lookes auſteritles,
Her ſelfe in all her ſubiect powres applies.
Since lifes chiefe cares on him are euer laid,
*In cares ſhe euer comforts, vndiſmaid,

* Geometræ dicunt, lineas & ſuperficies, non ſeipſis moueri, ſed motus corporum comitari. * *A good wife in moſt cares, ſhould euer vndiſmaid comfort her husband.*

Though

Poems.

Though her heart grieues, her lookes yet makes it
Diſſembling euermore, without deceit. (ſleight,
*And as the twins of learn'd Hippocrates,
If one were ſicke, the other felt diſeaſe:
If one reioyc'd, ioy th'others ſpirits fed:
If one were grieu'd, the other ſorrowed:
*So fares ſhe with her husband; euery thought
(Weightie in him) ſtill watcht in her, and wrought.
*And as thoſe that in Elephants delight,
Neuer come neare them in weeds rich and bright:
Nor Buls approch in ſcarlet; ſince thoſe hewes,
Through both thoſe beaſts, enrag'd affects diffuſe:
And as from Tygres, men the Timbrels ſound
And Cimbals keepe away; ſince they abound
Thereby in furie, and their owne fleſh teare:
So when t'a good wife, it is made appeare,
That rich attire, and curioſitie
In wires, tires, ſhadowes, do diſpleaſe the eye
Of her lou'd husband; muſicke, dancing, breeds
Offence in him; ſhe layes by all thoſe weeds,
Leaues dancing, muſicke; and at euery part
Studies to pleaſe; and does it from her heart.

* *Simile.* * *A good wife watcheth her husbands ſerious thoughts in his looke, and applies her owne to them.* * *Simile.*

As

Poems.

As greatneſſe in a Steed; ſo dignitie
Needs in a woman, courbe, and bit, and eie,
If once ſhe weds, ſhee's two for one before:
Single againe, ſhe neuer doubles more.

VIRGILS EPIGRAM *of Play.*

DEſpiſe baſe gaine; mad Auarice hurts the mind:
Ye wiſe, ſhun fraud; beleeue ỹ learn'd, ye blind.
At play put paſſions downe, as monies are.
He playes ſecure, whoſe trunks hold crowns to ſpare:
Who brings all with him, ſhall go out with none:
A greedie gameſter euer ends vndone.
Peace holy is to men of honeſt minds;
If ye will play, then courbe your warring ſplenes:
No man wins alwayes. It ſhames mans true worth,
Of but three Furies, to fare like a fourth.
Correct your earneſt ſpirits, and play indeed:
At ſtaid yeares be not mou'd: nere play for need.

VIR-

Poems.

VIRGILS EPIGRAM
of wine and women.

BE not enthrall'd with wine, nor womens loue,
For both by one meanes hurt: as women proue
Meanes to effeminate, and mens powres decline:
So doth the too much indulgence of wine,
Staggers the vpright steps a man should take,
Dissolues his netues, and makes his goers weake.
Blind loue makes many all their thoughts expresse,
Whose like effect hath brainlesse drunkennesse.
Wilde Cupid oft beates vp warres sterne alarmes,
As oft fierce Bacchus cals our hands to armes.
Dishonest Venus made Mars Ilion sease:
And Bacchus lost with warre the Lapithes.
Lastly, when both make mad misgouern'd minds,
Feare, shame, all vertues vanish with the winds.
With Giues make Venus hold her legs together,
And bind Liæus in his iuie with her.
Let wine quench thirst, sweet Venus children beare,
Whose bounds once broke, ye buy their pleasures
(deare.

VIRGILS

Poems.

VIRGILS EPIGRAM
of this letter Y.

THis letter of Pythagoras, that beares
This forkt distinction, to conceit prefers
The forme mans life beares. Vertues hard way takes
Vpon the right hand path: which entrie makes
(To sensuall eyes) with difficult affaire:
But when ye once haue climb'd the highest staire,
The beautie and the sweetnesse it containes,
Giue rest and comfort, farre past all your paines.
The broad-way in a brauery paints ye forth
(In th'entrie) sostnesse, and much shade of worth:
But when ye reach the top, the taken Ones
It headlong hurles downe, torne at sharpest stones.
He then, whom vertues loue, shall victor crowne,
Of hardest fortunes, praise wins and renowne:
But he that sloth and fruitlesse luxurie
Pursues, and doth with foolish warinesse flie
Opposed paines, (that all best acts befall)
Liues poore and vile, and dies despisde of all.

Poems.

A FRAGMENT OF *the Teares of peace.*

O That ſome ſacred labour would let in
The ocean through my womb, to cleanſe my ſin;
I, that belou'd of Heauen, as his true wife,
Was wont to bring forth a delightſome life
To all his creatures: and had vertues hand
To my deliuerance, decking euery land
(Where warre was baniſht) with religious Temples,
Cloiſters and monuments in admir'd examples
Of Chriſtian pietie, and reſpect of ſoules,
Now drunke with Auarice and th'adulterous boules
Of the light Cyprian, and by Dis deflowr'd,
I bring forth ſeed, by which I am deuour'd:
Infectuous darkneſſe from my intrails flies,
That blaſts Religion, breeds blacke hereſies,
Strikes vertue bedrid, fame dumb, knowledge blind,
And for free bounties (like an Eaſterne wind)
Knits nets of Caterpillers, that all fruites
Of planting peace, catch with contentious ſuites.
And ſee (O heauen) a warre that inward breeds
Worſe farre then Ciuill, where in brazen ſteeds,
Armes are let in vnſeene, and fire and ſword

Wound

Poems.

Wound and consume men with the rauenous hord
Of priuate riches, like prickt pictures charm'd,
And hid in dunghils, where some one is arm'd
With armes of thousands; and in such small time,
(Euen out of nakednesse) that the dismall crime
Stickes in his blasing forehead like a starre,
Signall of rapine and spoile worse then warre,
These warres giue such slie poison for the spleene,
That men affect and studie for their teene,
That it recures the wolfe in auarice,
And makes him freely spend his golden thies:
Yet no one thought spends on poore Vertues peace.
Warres, that as peace abounds, do still increase.
Warres where in endlesse rout the kingdome erres,
Where misers mightie grow the mightie misers,
Where partiall Lucre Iustice sword doth draw:
Where Eris turnes into Eunomia,
And makes Mars weare the long robe, to performe
A fight more blacke and cruell, with lesse storme,
To make for stratageme, a policie driuen
Euen to the conquest, ere th'alarme be giuen.
And for set battels where the quarrell dies,
Warres that make lanes through whole posterities,
Arachne wins from Pallas all good parts,

Poems.

To take her part, and euery part conuerts
His honie into poiſon: abuſde Peace
Is turn'd to fruitleſſe and impoſtum'd eaſe,
For whom the dwarfe Contraction is at worke
In all profeſſions; and makes heauen lurke
In corner pleaſures: learning in the braine
Of a dull linguiſt, and all tight in gaine,
All rule in onely powre, all true zeale
In truſtleſſe auarice: all the commonweale
In few mens purſes. Volumes fild with fame
Of deathleſſe ſoules, in ſigning a large name
Loue of all good in ſelfe loue: all deſerts
In ſole deſert of hate. Thus Eaſe inuerts
*My fruitfull labours, and ſwolne blind with luſt,
Creepes from her ſelfe, trauailes in yeelding duſt;
Euen reeking in her neuerſhifted bed:
Where with benumd ſecuritie ſhe is fed:
Held vp in Ignorance, and Ambitions armes,
Lighted by Comets, ſung to by blind charmes.
Behind whom Danger waites, ſubiection, ſpoyle,
Diſeaſe, and maſſacre, and vncrowned Toyle:
Earth ſinkes beneath her, heauen fals: yet ſhe deafe
Heares not their thundring ruines: nor one leafe

* *Eaſe and Securitie deſcribed.*

Of

Poems.

Of all her Aſpen pleaſures, euer ſtirres;
In ſuch dead calmes her ſtarke preſumption errs.

For good men.

A Good man want? will God ſo much deny
His lawes, his witneſſes, his miniſtrie?
Which onely for examples he maintaines
Againſt th'vnlearnd, to proue, he is, and raignes:
And all things gouerns iuſtly: nor neglects
Things humane, but at euery part protects
A good man ſo, that if he liues or dies,
All things ſort well with him? If he denies
A plenteous life to me, and ſees it fit
I ſhould liue poorely; What, alas, is it?
But that (refuſing to endanger me
In the forlorne hope of men rich and hie,)
Like a moſt careſull Captaine, he doth ſound
Retraite to me; makes me come backe, giue ground
To any, that hath leaſt delight to be
A ſcuffler in mans warre for vanitie?
And I obey, I follow, and I praiſe
My good Commander. All the cloudie daies
Of my darke life, my enuied Muſe ſhall ſing

Poems.

His ſecret loue to goodneſſe: I will bring
Glad tidings to the obſcure few he keepes:
Tell his high deeds, his wonders, which the deepes,
Of pouertie, and humbleſſe, moſt expreſſe,
And weepe out (for kinde ioy) his holineſſe.

Pleaſe with thy place.

GOd hath the whole world perfect made, & frees
His parts to th'vſe of all. Men then, that be
Parts of that all, muſt as the generall ſway
Of that importeth, willingly obay
In euerie thing, without their powres to change:
He that (vnpleaſd to hold his place) will range,
Can in no other be containd, thats fit:
And ſo reſiſting all, is cruſht with it.
But he that knowing how diuine a frame
The whole world is, and of it all can name
(Without ſelfe flatterie) no part ſo diuine
As he himſelfe, and therefore will confine
Freely, his whole powres, in his proper part:
Goes on moſt god-like. He that ſtriues t'inuert
The vniuerſall courſe, with his poore way:
Not onely, duſtlike, ſhiuers with the ſway;

But

But (croſſing God in his great worke) all earth
Beares not ſo curſed, and ſo damn'd a birth.
This then the vniuerſall diſcipline
Of manners comprehends: a man to ioyne
Himſelfe with th'vniuerſe, and wiſh to be
Made all with it, and go on, round as he.
Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
And into ſtreights, or into nought reuert:
Wiſhing the complete vniuerſe might be
Subiect to ſuch a ragge of it, as he.
But to conſider great neceſſitie,
All things, as well refract, as voluntarie
Reduceth to the high celeſtiall cauſe:
Which he that yeelds to, with a mans applauſe,
And cheeke by cheeke goes, croſſing it, no breath,
But like Gods image followes to the death:
That man is perfect wiſe, and euerie thing,
(Each cauſe and euerie part diſtinguiſhing)
In nature, with enough Art vnderſtands,
And that full glorie merits at all hands,
That doth the whole world, at all parts adorne,
And appertaines to one celeſtiall borne.

Poems.

Of sodaine Death.

WHat action wouldst ỹ wish to haue in hand,
If sodain death shold come for his cõmand?
I would be doing good to most good men
That most did need, or to their children,
And in aduice (to make them their true heires)
I would be giuing vp my soule to theirs.
To which effect if Death should find me giuen,
I would with both my hands held vp to heauen,
Make these my last words to my deitie:
Those faculties thou hast bestowd on me
To vnderstand thy gouernment and will
I haue, in all fit actions offerd still
To thy diuine acceptance, and as farre
As I had influence from thy bounties starre,
I haue made good thy forme infusde in me:
Th'anticipations giuen me naturally,
I haue with all my studie, art, and prayre
Fitted to euerie obiect, and affaire
My life presented, and my knowledge taught.
My poore saile, as it hath bene euer fraught
With thy free goodnesse, hath bene ballast to
With all my gratitude. What is to do,

Supply

Poems.

Supply it ſacred Sauiour: thy high grace
In my poore gifts, receiue againe, and place
Where it ſhall pleaſe thee: thy gifts neuer die
But, hauing brought one to felicitie,
Deſcend againe, and helpe another vp, &c.

Height in Humilitie.

WHy ſhould I ſpeak imperious courtiers faire?
Leſt they exclude thee, at thy Court repaire.
If they ſhall ſee me enter willingly,
Let them exclude me. If neceſſitie
Driue me amongſt them, and they ſhut the dore,
I do my beſt, and they can do no more.
Gods will, and mine, then weigh'd: I his preferre,
Being his vow'd lackey, and poore ſufferer:
I trie what his will is, and will with it:
No gate is ſhut to me; that ſhame muſt fit
Shameleſſe intruders. Why feare I diſgrace
To beare ill cenſure by a man of face?
Will any thinke that impudence can be
An equall demouſtration of me?
Tis kingly, Cyrus (ſaid Antiſthenes)
When thou doeſt well, to heare this ill of theſe.

Poems.

But many pitie thy defects in thee.
I mocke them euer that ſo pittie me.
Strangers they are, and know not what I am;
Where I place good and ill, nor euer came (know:
Where my courſe lies: but theirs the world may
They lay it out, onely to name and ſhow.
If comfort follow truth of knowledge ſtill,
They meete with little truth; for if their skill
Get not applauſe, their comfort comes to nought.
I ſtudie ſtill to be, they to be thought.
Are they leſſe fruſtrate of their ends then I?
Or fall they leſſe into the ils they flie?
Are they induſtrious more? leſſe paſſionate?
Leſſe faltring in their courſe? more celebrate
Truth in their comforts? But they get before
Much in opinion. True, they ſeeke it more.

For ſtay in competence.

THou that enioyſt onely enough to liue,
Why grieu'ſt thou that the giuer does not giue
Foode with the fulleſt, when as much as thou
He thinkes him emptie? Tis a ſtate ſo low
That I am fearefull euerie howre to ſinke.

Poems.

Well ſaid. Vnthankfull fearefull, eate and drinke,
And feare to ſterue ſtill. Knowſt thou not who ſings
Before the theefe? The penurie of things
Whither conferres it? Drawes it not one breath
With great ſatietie? End not both in death?
Thy entrailes, with thy want, together ſhrinke;
He burſts with cruditie, and too much drinke.
Will not thy want then with a chearefull eye
Make thee expect death? whom ſterne tyrannie,
Empire, and all the glut of thirſtie ſtore,
Shun with pale cheekes affrighted euermore?
Earth is a whore, and brings vp all her brats
With her inſatiate gadflie: euen her flats
High as her hils looke; luſting, luſting ſtill,
No earthly pleaſure euer hath her fill.
Turne a new leafe then: thirſt for things paſt death;
And thou ſhalt neuer thinke of things beneath.
How ſhould I thirſt ſo, hauing no ſuch heate?
Faſt, pray, to haue it: better neuer eate,
Then ſtill the more thou eatſt the more deſire.
But wilt thou quench this ouerneedie fire?
Canſt thou not write, nor reade, nor keepe a gate?
Teach children, be a porter. That poore ſtate
Were baſe and hatefull. Is that baſe to thee,

Tha.

Poems.

That is not thy worke? That neceſſitie
Inflicts vpon thee? that inuades thee to
Onely as head-aches and agues do?
That the great Orderer of th'vniuerſe ſees
So good, he puts it in his maſter peece?
But men will ſcorne me. Let them then go by,
They will not touch thee: he that ſhifts his eye
To others eye-browes, muſt himſelfe be blind.
Leau'ſt thou thy ſelfe for others? tis the mind
Of all that God and euery good forſakes.
If he goes thy way, follow: if he takes
An oppoſite courſe, canſt thou ſtill go along,
And end thy courſe? Go right, though all elſe wrong.
But you are learn'd, and know Philoſophie
To be a ſhift to ſalue neceſſitie:
Loue ſyllogiſmes, figures, and to make
All men admire how excellent you ſpake.
Your caution is to keepe a ſtudious eye,
Leſt you be caught with carpes of ſophiſtrie:
To be a man of reading, when alas,
All theſe are caught in a Plebeians caſe.
None ſuch poore fooles, incontinent, couetous,
Atheiſticall, deceitfull, villanous.
Shew me thy ſtudies end, and what may be

Thoſe

Poems.

Thoſe weights and meaſures, that are vſde by thee,
To mete theſe aſhes barreld vp in man.
Is not the wreath his, that moſt truly can
Make a man happie? And (in ſhort) is that
Any way wrought more, then in teaching what
Will make a man moſt ioyfully embrace
The courſe his end holds, and his proper place?
Not ſuffering his affections to diſperſe,
But fit the maine ſway of the vniuerſe.

Of the Will.

THe empire of the Will is euer ſau'd,
Except loſt by it ſelfe, when tis deprau'd.

Of Man.

MAn is ſo ſoueraigne and diuine a ſtate,
That not contracted and elaborate,
The world he beares about with him alone,
But euen the Maker makes his breaſt his throne.

Of

Poems.

Of a Philosopher.

Does a Philosopher inuite, or pray
Any to heare him? or not make his way,
As meate and drinke doth? or the Sunne excite
Onely by vertue of his heate and light?

Of Ambition.

Who, others loues and honors goes about,
Would haue things outward, not to be without.

Of Friendship.

NOw I am old, my old friends loues I wish,
As I am good; & more old, grow more fresh.
Friends constant, not like lakes are standing euer,
But like sweete streames, euer the same, yet neuer
Still profiting themselues, and perfecting.
And as a riuer furthest from his spring,
Takes vertue of his course, and all the way
Greater and greater growes, till with the sea
He combats for his empire, and gets in,
Curling his billowes, till his stile he win:

So

Poems.

So worthy men ſhould make good to their ends,
Increaſe of goodneſſe; ſuch men make thy friends.
Such nobler are, the poorer was their ſource;
And though w̄ crooks & turns, yet keep their courſe,
Though till their ſtrength, they did ſome weakneſſe (ſhow,
(All thankes to God yet) now it is not ſo.
Will is the garden firſt, then Knowledge plants;
Who knowes and wils well, neuer vertue wants:
Though oft he faile in good, he nought neglects;
The affect, not the effect, God reſpects.
But as the Academickes euer rate
A man for learning, with that eſtimate
They made of him, when in the ſchooles he liu'd;
And how ſo ere he ſcatter'd ſince, or thriu'd,
Still they eſteeme him as they held him then:
So fares it with the doomes of vulgar men;
If once they knew a man defectiue, ſtill
The ſtaine ſtickes by him; better he his skill,
His life and parts, till quite refin'd from him
He was at firſt; good drownes, ill ſtill doth ſwim:
Beſt men are long in making: he that ſoone
Sparkles and flouriſhes, as ſoone is gone.
A wretched thing it is, when nature giues
A man good gifts, that ſtill the more he liues,

The

Poems.

The more they die. And where the complete man
(Much leſſe eſteem'd) is long before he can
The paſſage cleare, betwixt his ſoule and ſenſe,
And of his body gaine ſuch eminence,
That all his organs open are, and fit
To ſerue their Empreſſe. Th'other man of wit,
At firſt is ſeru'd with all thoſe inſtruments:
Open they are, and full, and free euents
All he can thinke obtaines, and forth there flies
Flaſhes from him, thicke as the Meteord skies,
Like which he lookes, and vp drawes all mens eies,
Euen to amaze: yet like thoſe Meteors,
(Onely in ayre impreſt) away he ſoares,
His organs ſhut: and twixt his life and ſoule,
Sue a diuorce aliue. Such ne're enroule
In thy braſſe booke of Friendſhip: ſuch are made
To pleaſe light ſpirits, not to grow but fade.
Nor friends for old acquaintance chuſe, but faith,
Diſcretion, good life, and contempt of death:
That foes wrongs beare with Chriſtian patience,
Againſt which fighting, Reaſon hath no fence:
That lay their fingers on their lips the more,
The more their wrong'd ſimplicities deplore,
And ſtop their mouthes to euery enemies ill,

With

Poems.

With th'ill he does them. Thus good men do ſtill,
And onely good men friends are: make no friend
Of fleſhie-beaſt-men, friendſhip's of the mind.

Of plentie and freedome in goodneſſe.

NOt to haue want, what riches doth exceed?
Not to be ſubiect, what ſuperior thing?
He that to nought aſpires, doth nothing need: *Reſp.*
Who breakes no law, is ſubiect to no King.

Of Attention.

WHen for the leaſt time, ỹ lett'ſt fall thine eare
From ſtill attending, things ſtill fit to heare,
And giu'ſt thy mind way to thy bodies will:
Imagine not thou hold'ſt the raines ſo ſtill,
That at thy pleaſure thou canſt turne her in:
But be aſſur'd that one dayes ſoothed ſinne,
Will aske thee many to amend and mourne:
And make thy mind ſo willing to adiourne
That inſtant-due amendment, that twill breed
A cuſtome to do ill; and that will need

Poems.

A new birth to reforme. What? May I then
(By any diligence, or powre in men)
Auoid tranſgreſſion? No, tis paſt thy powre:
But this thou maiſt do; euery day and houre,
In that be labouring ſtill, that lets tranſgreſſion:
And worth my counſell tis, that this impreſſion
Fixt in thy mind, and all meanes vſde in man,
He may trangreſſe as little as he can.
If ſtill thou ſaiſt, To morrow I will win
My mind to this attention: therein
Thou ſaiſt as much, as this day I will be
Abiect and impudent: it ſhall be free
This day for others to liue Lords of me,
To leade and rule me: this day I will giue
Reines to my paſſions, I will enuious liue,
Wrathfull and luſtfull: I will leaue the ſtate
Man holds in me, and turne adulterate,
Vulgar and beaſtly. See to how much ill
Thou ſtand'ſt indulgent. But all this thy will
Shall mend to morrow: how much better twere
This day thou ſhouldſt mans godlike ſcepter beare:
For if to morrow, in thy ſtrengths neglect,
Much more to day, while tis vncounter-checkt.

Poems.

To liue with little.

WHen thou ſeeſt any honour'd by the king,
Oppoſe ÿ this, thou thirſts for no ſuch thing.
When thou ſeeſt any rich, ſee what in ſted
Of thoſe his riches thou haſt purchaſed.
If nothing, nothing fits ſuch idle wretches.
If thou haſt that, that makes thee need no riches,
Know thou haſt more, and of a greater price,
And that which is to God a ſacrifice.
When thou ſeeſt one linkt with a louely wife,
Thou canſt containe, and leade a ſingle life.
Seeme theſe things ſmal to thee? O how much more
Do euen thoſe great ones, and thoſe men of ſtore
Deſire thoſe ſmall things, then their greateſt owne:
That they could ſcorn their ſtates ſo bladder-blown,
Their riches, and euen thoſe delicious Dames,
That feaſt their blood with ſuch enchanted flames?
For haue not yet thy wits the difference found,
Betwixt a feu'rie mans thirſt, and one ſound?
He hauing drunke is pleaſd: the other lies
Fretting and lothing, vomits out his eyes:
His drinke to choler turnes, and ten parts more
His vicious heate inflames him, then before.

Poems.

So while the long fit of his drie desire
Lasts in a rich man, such insatiate fire
He feeles within him. While the like fit lasts
In one ambitious, so he thirsts, and wasts.
While the fit lasts, and lust hath any fewell:
So fares the fond venerean with his iewell
There being linkt to euery one of these
Feares, emulations, sleeplesse Ielosies,
Foule cogitations, foule words, fouler deeds.
Enough be that then, that may serue thy needs,
What thou canst keepe in thy free powre alone,
Others affect, and thou reiect'st thine owne.
Both will not draw in one yoke: one release
And th'other vse, or neither keepe in peace
Twixt both distracted. Things within thee prise:
Onely within, thy helpe and ruine lies.
What wall so fencefull? what possession
So constant, and so properly our owne?
What dignitie so expert of deceipts?
All trade-like beggarly, and full of sleights.
On which who sets his mind, is sure to grieue,
Feed on faint hopes, neuer his ends atcheeue,
Fall into that he shuns, and neuer rest,
But bad esteeme his state, when tis at best.

Serue

Poems.

Serue but thy mind with obiects fit for her,
And for things outward thou ſhalt neuer care,
Obtaine but her true, and particular vſe
And obtaine all things Nor let doubt, abuſe
Thy will to winne her, as being coy enclind,
Nought is ſo pliant as a humane mind.
And what ſhall I obtaine, obtaining her,
Not wiſhing all, but ſome particular? (theſe?
What wouldſt thou wiſh for her dowre more then
To make thee pleaſant, of one hard to pleaſe?
To make thee modeſt, of one impudent;
Temperate, and chaſt, of one incontinent:
Faithfull, being faithleſſe. Fit not theſe thy will?
Affect'ſt thou greater? What thou doſt, do ſtill:
I giue thee ouer, doing all I can,
Th'art paſt recure, with all that God giues man.

To yong imaginaries in knowledge.

NEuer for common ſignes, diſpraiſe or praiſe,
Nor art, nor want of art, for what he ſaies
Aſcribe to any. Men may both waies make

Poems.

In forme, & ſpeech, a mans quicke doome miſtake.
All then that ſtand in any ranke of Art,
Certaine decrees haue, how they ſhall impart
That which is in them: which decrees, becauſe
They are within men, making there the lawes
To all their actions, hardly ſhew without:
And till their enſignes are diſplaid, make doubt
To go againſt or with them: nor will they
So well in words, as in their deeds diſplay.
Decrees are not degrees. If thou ſhalt giue
Titles of learning, to ſuch men as liue
Like rude Plebeians, ſince they haue degrees,
Thou ſhalt do like Plebeians. He that ſees
A man held learn'd do rudely, rather may
Take for that deed, his learned name away,
Then giu't him for his name. True learnings act,
And ſpeciall obiect is, ſo to compact
The will, and euery actiue powre in man,
That more then men illiterate, he can
Keepe all his actions in the narrow way
To God and goodneſſe, and there force their ſtay
As in charm'd circles. Termes, tongs, reading, all
That can within a man, cald learned, fall;
Whoſe life is led yet like an ignorant mans:

Are

Poems.

Are but as tooles to goutie Artizans,
That cannot vſe them; or like childrens arts,
That out of habite, and by rootes of hearts,
Conſtrue and perce their leſſons, yet diſcerne
Nought of the matter, whoſe good words they learn:
Or like our Chimicke Magi, that can call
All termes of Art out, but no gold at all:
And ſo are learn'd like them, of whom, none knows
His Arts cleare truth, but are meere Ciniſlos.
But ſacred learning, men ſo much prophane,
That when they ſee a learn'd-accounted man
Liue like a brute man; they will neuer take
His learn'd name from him, for opinions ſake:
But on that falſe gound brutiſhly conclude,
That learning profites not. You beaſtly rude,
Know, it mores profites, being exact and true,
Then all earths high waies chokt with herds of you.
But muſt degrees, & termes, and time in ſchooles,
Needs make men learn'd, in life being worſe then (fooles?
What other Art liues in ſo happy aire,
That onely for his habite, and his haire,
His falſe profeſſors worth you will commend?
Are there not precepts, matter, and an end
To euery ſcience? which, not kept, nor ſhowne

Poems.

By vnderſtanding; vnderſtanding knowne
By fact; the end, by things to th'end directed,
What hap, or hope haue they to be protected?
Yet find ſuch, greateſt friends: and ſuch profeſſe
Moſt learning, and will preaſſe for moſt acceſſe
Into her preſence, and her priuieſt ſtate,
When they haue hardly knockt yet at her gate.
Externall circumſcription neuer ſerues
To proue vs men: blood, fleſh, nor bones nor nerues
But that which all theſe vieth, and doth guide;
Gods image in a ſoule eternifide,
Which he that ſhewes not in ſuch acts as tend
To that eterneſſe, making that their end:
In this world nothing knowes, nor after can,
But is more any creature, then a man.
This rather were the way, if thou wouldſt be,
A true proficient in philoſophie:
Diſſemble what thou ſtudieſt, till alone
By thy impartiall contention
Thou prou'ſt thee fit, to do as to profeſſe.
And if thou ſtill profeſſe it not, what leſſe
Is thy philoſophie, if in thy deeds
Rather then ſignes, and ſhadowes, it proceedes?
Shew with what temper thou doſt drinke, and eate:

How

Poems.

How farre from wrong thy deeds are, angers heate;
How thou ſuſtainſt, and abſtainſt; how farre gone
In appetite and auerſation:
To what account thou doeſt affections call,
Both naturall, and aduentitiall:
That thou art faithfull, pious, humble, kind,
Enemie to enuie: of a chearefull mind,
Conſtant, and dantleſſe. All this when men ſee
Done with the learnedſt, then let cenſure thee;
But if ſo dull, and blind of ſoule they are,
Not to acknowledge heauenly Mulciber,
To be a famous Artiſt by his deeds,
But they muſt ſee him in his working weeds:
What ill is it, if thou art neuer knowne
To men ſo poore of apprehenſion?
Are they within thee, or ſo much with thee
As thou thy ſelfe art? Can their dull eyes ſee
Thy thoughts at worke? Or how like one thats ſworn
To thy deſtruction, all thy powres are borne
T'entrap thy ſelfe? whom thou doſt hardlier pleaſe
Then thou canſt them? Arme then thy mind wth theſe:
I haue decrees ſet downe twixt me and God;
I know his precepts, I will beare his lode,
But what men throw vpon me, I reiect:

Poems.

No man ſhall let the freedome I elect;
I haue an owner that will challenge me,
Strong to defend, enough to ſatisfie:
The rod of Mercurie, will charme all theſe,
And make them neither ſtrange, nor hard to pleaſe.
And theſe decrees, in houſes conſtitute
Friendſhip, and loue: in fields cauſe ſtore of fruite:
In cities, riches; and in temples zeale:
And all the world would make one commonweale.
Shun braggart glorie, ſeeke no place, no name:
No ſhewes, no company, no laughing game,
No faſhion: nor no champion of thy praiſe,
As children ſweete meates loue, and holidaies:
Be knowing ſhamefaſtneſſe, thy grace, and guard,
As others are with dores, wals, porters bard.
Liue cloſe awhile; ſo fruits grow, ſo their ſeed
Muſt in the earth a little time lie hid;
Spring by degrees, and ſo be ripe at laſt.
But if the Eare, be to the blades top paſt
Before the ioynt amidſt the blade, be knit,
The corne is lanke, and no Sunne ripens it.
Like which art thou yong Nouice; floriſhing
Before thy time, winter ſhall burne thy ſpring.
The husbandman diſlikes his fields faire birth,

When

Poems.

When timeleſſe heate beates on vnreadie earth,
Grieues leſt his fruits with aire ſhould be too bold,
And not endure the likely-coming cold.
Comfort the roote then firſt, then let appeare
The blades ioynt knit, and then produce the Eare:
So Natures ſelfe, thou ſhalt conſtraine, and be
Bleſt with a wealthy crop in ſpite of thee.

Of Conſtancie in goodneſſe.

Who feares diſgrace for things wel done, y knows it
Wrong euer does moſt harme to him that does it.
Who more ioy takes, that men his good aduance,
Then in the good it ſelfe, does it by chance:
That being the worke of others; this his owne.
In all theſe actions therefore that are common,
Men neuer ſhould for praiſe or diſpraiſe care,
But looke to the Decrees, from whence they are.

Of Learning.

LEarning, the Art is of good life: they then
That leade not good liues, are not learned men.

For

Poems.

For ill ſucceſſe.

If thou ſuſtainſt in any ſort an ill,
Beare ſome good with thee to change for it ſtill.

Of negligence.

When thou letſt looſe thy mind to obiects vain
Tis not in thee to call her backe againe:
And therefore when thy pleaſure in her good
Droopes, and would downe in melancholy blood,
Feed her alacritie with any thought
Or word, that euer her recomfort wrought.

Of iniurie.

When thou art wrong'd, ſee if the wrong proceed
From fault within thy iudgement, word or deed:
If not, let him beware that iniures thee,
And all that ſooth him; and be thy ſtate free.

Of Attire.

IN habite, nor in any ill to th'eie,
Affright the vulgar from Philoſophie:
But as in lookes, words, workes, men witneſſe thee
Comely and checkleſſe, ſo in habite be.

For

Poems.

For if a man ſhall ſhew me one commended
For wit, skill, iudgement, neuer ſo extended,
That goes fantaſtically, and doth fit
The vulgar faſhion; neuer thinke his wit
Is of a ſound peece, but hath bracks in it.
If ſlouenly and naſtily in weeds
Thou keep'ſt thy body, ſuch muſt be thy deeds,
Hence, to the deſart, which thou well deſeru'ſt,
And now no more for mans ſocietie ſeru'ſt.
Externall want to this height doth expreſſe
Both inward negligence, and rottenneſſe.

FRAGMENTS.

Of Circumſpection.

IN hope to ſcape the law, do nought amiſſe,
The penance euer in the action is.

Of Sufferance.

IT argues more powre willingly to yeeld
To what by no repulſe can be repeld,
Then to be victor of the greateſt ſtate,
We can with any fortune ſubiugate.

Of

Poems.

Of the Soule.

THe Soule ſerues with her functions to excite,
Abhorre, prepare, and order appetite,
Cauſe auerſation, and ſuſception;
In all which, all her ill is built vpon
Ill receiu'd iudgements; which reforme with good;
And as with ill ſhe yeelded to thy blood,
And made thy pleaſures, God and man diſpleaſe,
She will as well ſet both their powres at peace,
With righteous habits, and delight thee more
With doing good now, then with ill before.

Of great men.

WHen Homer made Achilles paſſionate,
Wrathfull, reuengefull, and inſatiate
In his affections; what man will denie
He did compoſe all that of induſtrie?
To let men ſee, that men of moſt renowne,
Strong'ſt, nobleſt, faireſt, if they ſet not downe
Decrees within them, for diſpoſing theſe,
Of iudgement, reſolution, vprightneſſe.
And vertuous knowledge of their vſe and ends,
Miſhaps and miſerie, no leſſe extends

Poems.

To their deſtruction, with all that they priſde,
Then to the pooreſt, and the moſt deſpiſde.

Of learned men.

Who knowsnot truth, knows nothīg; who what's beſt
Knowes not, not [1] truth knowes. Who (alone profeſt
In that which beſt is) liues bad: Beſt not knowes,
Since with that Beſt and Truth, ſuch ioy ſtill goes,
That he that finds them, cannot but diſpoſe
His whole life to them. Seruile Auarice can
Prophane no liberall-knowledge-coueting man.
Such hypocrites, opinion onely haue,
Without the [2] minds vſe: which doth more depraue
Their knowing powres, then if they [3] nought did know.
For if with all the ſciences they flow,
Not hauing that, that ſuch ioy brings withall,
As cannot in vnlearn'd mens courſes fall:
As with a [4] tempeſt they are rapt paſt hope
Of knowing Truth, becauſe they thinke his ſcope
Is in their tongues, much reading, ſpeech profuſe,
Since they are meanes to Truth in their true vſe:

1 Si abſit ſcientia optimi, nihil ſcitur. 2 Qui opinioni abſque mente, conſenſerint. 3 Prodeſt multis non noſſe quicquā. 4 Nonne meritò, multa tempeſtate iactabitur?

But

Poems.

5 But tis a fashion for the damned crue,
One thing to praise, another to pursue:
As those learn'd men do, that in words preferre
Heauen and good life, yet in their liues so erre,
That all heauen is not broade enough for them
To hit or aime at, but the vulgar streame
Hurries them headlong with it: and no more'
They know or shall know, then the rudest Bore.

5 Absurdum alia laudare, alia sequi.

FINIS.